

THE 12
APOSTATES:

OR

The Noble Cause of
LIBERTY

DESERTED.

A

SATYR.

With the CHARACTER of a late
L—d Li—nt.

And a Comparison between the Fate of TROY
and that of ISRAEL.



L O N D O N;

Printed for *Eliq. Mallet* next the Kings Arms
Tavern by *Fleet-bridge*. 1702

*Confessing
Book*

THE
APOSTATES

OR
The Noble Cause of
LIBERTY

DESSERTED.

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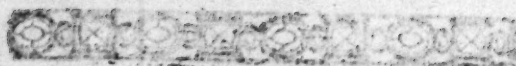
SATURDAY.



With the CHARTER of a late

Liberty

And a Comparison between the Laws of Liberty
and that of Slavery.



LONDON:

Printed for E. & J. Mallet near the Kings Arms

T H E
APOSTATES.

AR T thou, dear *Israel*! still the Butt of Fate?
How many Mischiefs on thy Fortunes wait!
What dismal Ruin thy sad Fate attends!

Foe to thy self, and destitute of Friends!

Thy People Rules of Reason do buffoon,

And change their loose Opinions with the Moon:

They sue for Fetters, and for Bondage crave,

And never know what they themselves would have;

Sometimes their Kings beneath their Rage have fell,

And *Holy Cause* hath made the Saints rebel:

Some Kings on *Scaffolds* have receiv'd their Doom;

Some *Abdicated*, they have Banish'd some:

Then *Parliaments* were Sacred held, they told

Such their Wise Constitution was of old.

But when the Senate does their Humours thwart,

They grow perverse, and mischievously tart;

The Senate's Rights they rashly do invade,

And curse the *Idols* which their Hands have made:

No Tyrant's Crimes they ever yet disown'd,

But passive Saints beneath the Burden groan'd;

Did but the Tyrant seemingly espouse
 Their *Holy Cheat* with solemn Oaths and Vows.
 So vain's their Temper, and so great's their Pride,
 All Kings are Tyrants to the other Side;
 And if their Actions don't their *Genius* sute,
 The zealous *Mob* themselves are Absolute.
 Unhappy *Israel*! ruin'd by thy Foes,
 And all thy Land but one great *Bedlam* grows!

Whatever Blessing this sad Nation wants,
 Good God! defend us from *Apostate* Saints.
 Those very Saints who in the days of yore,
 Against the *Beast* their Testimony bore;
 The Paths of Persecution bravely trod,
 And serv'd their Country in the Name of God,
 Now quit their Freedoms and their Antient Rights,
 And make Themselves and Us but *Gibeonites*:
 Sure Signs before they a Sham Fight maintain'd,
 And that their fam'd Devotion was but feign'd.
 Wealth they acquire by most sinister Ends;
 And when in Office, sell their dearest Friends.
 Opprest with Gold, the Zealot waxeth faint,
 Unrighteous *Mammon* overcomes the Saint:
 Grease well their Fists but with the Golden Ore,
 They will ten thousand Devildoms adore!
 How did they formerly with zealous Hear
 The Pulpit-Drum against lewd Courtiers beat!

The Apostates.

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But now debauch't the Courtiers they prefer,
And *Israel* quit, with *Egypt* to adhere;
Such Senators they chuse that will engross
The Publick Treasure to the Kingdom's Loss;
Their Crimes they sanctify what'ere they are,
For of the Purchase all the Saints have share.
You may by Borrowing Clauses them enslave,
The Pious Eight *per Cent.* is all they crave:
Let 'em by treble Interest but thrive,
They'll quickly raise what lavish Senates give,
Tho on design to make the Nation poor,
What is't to them, if they encrease their Store?
Lay Funds aside, they'll grumble as before.

Most Sacred Interest! God of all the Earth;
Tho thou from Darkness dost derive thy Birth,
Thou like the Sun dost shine within our Sphere,
All Men thy Godhead do on Earth revere!
Into each Conscience thou dost sily creep,
Thou spreadst thy Empire o're the mighty Deep!
By Rules unknown thou govern'st ev'ry Heart;
Thou art the *All in All* in ev'ry Part:
Who with Devotion han't thy Godhead nam'd,
If not hereafter, yet on Earth are damn'd.

That Land abounds in nauseous Knaves and Fools,
Where Crimes are sanctifi'd, and Interest rules;
Where private Ends embarras the Affairs
Of Infant-peace just sprung from bloody Wars:

These Leeches think no Times are ever good
 But such as drain our Pockets and our Blood :
 Yet they in Battel never take delight ;
 They're bred to plunder, and not born to fight ;
 The little Dogs that yelp out dismal Fears,
 And set the rest together by the Ears ;
 Talk of Invasions, and strange Frights from far,
 And dismal Dangers are approaching near :
 Egypt the Moon and Israel will invade,
 Vacate the Funds, and spoil the Owling Trade :
 Can Chequer Bills oppose their furious Sallies ?
 Can Souldiers e're be knock'd on head with Tallies ?
 No, no, their Trade is on another score,
 They kill the Men in Pay were dead before :
 Strange Senate ! would no Taxes new create,
 And give the Saints a liberty to cheat !
 Who like vile Parricides at all times wou'd
 Prefer their Interest to their Country's Good.

Legions of these combine against the State,
 Disorders raise, and Mischiefs new create ;
 Some in *Petitions* do the State lampoon ;
 Some drop *Memorials* from the very Moon,
 Which Men unknown, unheard-of, do subscribe,
 Both for themselves, as also for their Tribe :
 A Tribe most Glorious, tho it is unknown,
 Who with Applause have Deeds of Darkness done.

Of all the Tribes that would our Senate awe,
And make their Rights stoop to the Rabble's Laws,
Dim above all deserves our justest Praise
E're since *Jack Cade's* and famous *Tyler's* days:
A murmuring Race, a factious *Owling Crew*,
Who hate the State, and pay not *Cæsar's* due,
Direct the Senate how their Course to steer,
And talk of Shipwrack when no Storm is near.
Will *Egypt* ever their blest Shoar invade,
From whence they flourish by the *Owling Trade*?
By War they thrive, and by a Peace decay;
And Thieves love Night, because they're caught by Day.
But should our Senate the Grand Cause defer,
To hear the Stuff of each *Petitioner*,
Well might the Nation such their Actions scorn,
And hiss them home upon their curst Return;
To *Goal* much better were their *Hero's* sent,
Where they might cool their Brains, if not repent.

This to their Names a mighty Sanction gave,
And Goals and Fetters do become the Brave;
They're Saints and Martyrs, and as many things
As factious Laurel o're their Temples brings.
The Crowd envenom'd at their just Restraint,
In Curses lengthen out their lewd Complaint.

In former days we truly did aver,
They lov'd the Cause, but not the Sufferer:

They let their Patriots in the days of yore
 Perish in Goals and wallow in their Gore;
 They now of Feasts and mighty Viands boast,
 And Tables fill'd with Faction Boil'd and Roast:
 With mighty haste unto the Banquet ran
 'The Calves of Bethel and the Goats of Dan;
 Insatiate Guts whole Hecatombs devour,
 They'll feast their Paunches, tho they starve their Poor;
 The Wine which round their factious Tables sent,
 Sparkles like Wild-fire at the Parliament.
 Of Clubs 'gainst Kings we've heard of o're and o're,
 But never 'gainst our Senators before.
 For tho to feast the *Hero's* they did join,
 Against the *Parliament* was the Design:

The loose *Apostates*, to make good their Cause,
 Trump up their Freedoms and the Nations Laws;
 Strange *Senate*! would o're Murmurers prevail,
 And not allow the Saints a Pow'r to rail!
 In their Defence they false Conclusions bring,
 As if the *Senate* did oppose the *King*:
 Thus Contraries together do subsist,
 When every *Rebel* is a *Loyalist*:
 When those who muzzl'd *Kings* but heretofore,
 Now for *Prerogative* so loudly roar.
 The *King* thus suffers by *Apostate* Minds,
 And for Obedience only *Faction* finds.

In vain of Prowess justest proofs he gave;
That he is Bold and resolutely Brave;
The miscreant Crowd which trumpets out his Fame,
Withers his Lawrels, and blasphemes his Name,
Whose vilest Breaths united in Applause,
Blacken his Fame and scandalize his Cause.
His Name each sawcy Scribler does rehearse,
Is by a *Blockhead* scandaliz'd in Verse;
Whose *Arthur's* Ballad in his Monarch's Praise
Has got Renown like that of *Chevy-Chase*:
But Nobler Pens his Histories shall write
Whilst he does with his *Parliament* unite;
The only means to make his Honours great,
To strengthen Us, and *Egypt* to defeat.

Stop here, my Muse ----- in keenest Numbers sing
Him who of *Eglon* is deputed K-----;
Skill'd in deep Mysteries, and Tricks of State,
He early grew by Foreign Councils great;
Whose blackest Annals do sad Treasons tell
Against thy Peace, bewilder'd *Israel*!
Brib'd, 'gainst thy Native Rights he does adhere,
To *Egypt's* Interest a Pensioner.
What Hellish Artifices did he use
In Foreign Embassies against the *Jews*?
There he their Holy Oracles abhor'd,
Which were pronounc'd by the Almighty Word,

And in their stead endeavour'd to erect
 Polluted Fanes with Heathen Gambols deck'd;
 A Curs'd Religion, where the Priests are Knaves,
 And their deluded Votaries are Slaves.

At home what Mischiefs did he still create,
 Unhappy *Israel*, against thy State?

How great a Conquest did he lately win,
 When he dissolv'd the Meeting Sanhedrin;

Whose speedy Session and mature Debate
 Was so consistent with thy sinking State?

What can a Traitor now in *Eglon* do

But old Designs and Villanies pursue?

And when by Fate our present K----- shall fall,

He home from Exile will another call,

Who of our Sorrows shall augment the Flood,

And drown our Country in its Natives Blood.

To these the *Foreigners* are also join'd,

Alike in Virtue, and alike in Mind;

The Partnership is most exactly made,

They share in Faction as they do in Trade:

The *Senate's* Rights they impudently brave,

Who gave 'em all the Freedoms which they have.

Thus the kind Hand is oftentimes accurst,

Bit by the Vipers which its Bosom nurs't.

If freeborn States or People any more

Such abject *Foreign Runnegades* adore,

The Apostates.

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Despise their Country-men, lampoon their *Birth*,
And quit their Native Title to their Earth,
Betray their Offspring, and supplant their Heirs,
May the forgotten Fate of *Troy* be theirs!

Long time had *Troy* thro various Tumults past,
And War's rough Force laid all her Countries waste;
Ravag'd by *Greeks* and *Foreign* Foes from far,
Troy was the Ghastly Skeleton of War:
Laomedon and *Priam* being dead,
Each petty State did *Ilium's* Peace invade;
Storm'd from without, and still betray'd within,
Each *Foreign* Foe did daily Conquests win.
Aeneas with *Antenor* did betray,
And give the Peoples Liberty away.
In vain they to their numerous Gods complain,
And poor *Cassandra* prophecies in vain:
Men void of Sense as Stones within their Wall,
And senseless as those Stones, they downwards fall.
The *Prophetess* was not at all believ'd,
Men born for Ruin always are deceiv'd:
Tho she inspir'd by Great *Apollo*, told
What was to come, and what was done of old;
Yet was she deem'd by their nefarious Votes
A silly senseless thing in Petticoats,
And not believ'd till *Troy* was past redress,
Then every Tongue their Folly did confess.

The Apostates.

Troy's now no more, but is in pieces dash't,
And Plowshares rattle where the Swords have clash't.

And such, dear *Israel*, such will be thy fate,
Such dire Events will on thy Fortunes wait!
Such vast Destruction will thy Folly crown,
And who will pity thee when thou'rt undone?
We pity those whom Fate drives on the Shelves,
But never such as steer to split themselves.
What careful Mariner would trust his Ship
To *Foreign* Pilots on the spacious Deep?
Are we thus void of Art and Letters grown?
Have we not able Steers-men of our own?
Have we not able Statesmen grave and wise,
Fitter to be employ'd in *Embassies*?
Must *Foreign* Councils manage our Intrigues,
And make our *Treaties*, and confirm our *Leagues*?
If so, our State will daily backward run,
And we make mighty haste to be undone:
If such Distraction happen in our Land,
And we to *Foreigners* do yield Command,
By *Jove* inspir'd, I piously divine,
Troy's Fate is *Israel's*, poor *Cassandra's* mine.



F I N I S

The following Poems are sold by M. Fabian at Mercers-Chappel.

THE *Foreigners*. Price 6 d. A Description of Mr. *Dryden's* Funeral.
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